

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 2010

what I regret

About how I've spent my time since I came out here to my mom's. The only thing I would go back and change if I could would be the angry venting out loud, mixed with the things I was trying to say in my service to God. It's an odd mixture, when I stand and look at all of it as a whole.

At least I've been honest and raw. I never knew where exactly I was going with all of this. I knew I had things to put out there that God showed me. I knew I had anger, but I had no intentions of airing it in my blogging. Speaking of. A dream recently, showing me one of the ways I was held back, hindered. I saw myself in a car, in the passenger seat, laying down, my head resting on the driver's lap. In the dream, I was asleep, and I woke up from the sleep (in the dream), and realized I had my head on someone's lap, and at the same time, I realized I was being held down. The person had one arm gently over me, protective, loving, caressing me, and it was sincere. But when I tried to get up, I noticed I was being held down by the person's other hand. That's when I realized I was being held against my will, and I had been asleep. I felt an evil presence, and opened my mouth to scream, and when I did, a hidden microphone appeared in front of my mouth, placed there by this person, to capture the ill sounds and negative emissions that were coming from me. I saw the microphone and silenced my own scream. Then I woke up. This dream troubled me, because I had it right after praying for understanding about something. The person who held me down was truly divided. The one hand loved me, the other hand hated me and was against me. The microphone was there to record it all, things that were not intended to come out of me during this special time

of my life of sharing. Finally sharing. Finally saying it all, sharing it all, learning to let go, learning to feel, feeling warm once more, loving myself and the world around me. That's what this has been all about.

To sum up my point, I apologize to anyone who's had to read or listen to my venom. I don't want to be one to add anything negative to an already negative world. It was never meant to be a part of the mix.

One other thing I regret during this time is time I've wasted. I finished what I set out to do, and just exactly in time, right on time. I don't know how I did it, but it all worked out. However I regret not spending more time on more important topics. And I should have done more Bible recordings. And recorded more prayers. The solid and worthy things that are inside of me, that are unpopular and odd. I should have done more of that sort of thing. Lots more. Instead, I wasted plenty of time, especially in the beginning, chasing after distraction after distraction, following ploys and schemes, getting lost in virtual mazes that had no point and no end. I allowed myself to be derailed, when I had a task to complete.

A vision I had in '05: I saw a demon, but it was wearing a flower costume. Ridiculous, I know. I was shocked to see it. It was hopping around in the yard out front (at the little white house in Red Oak), beckoning me to "plant here! and here!" It was trying to distract me from what I was working on in the back yard at the time- an herb garden. Something substantial and worthy. I didn't understand the vision at the time, but now I do. It was showing me how easily sidetracked I am, how easy I get off course, how I have trouble completing the task at hand. A demon dressed as a flower. A silly, fluffy yellow flower, with a demon face.

I would have to say, that same problem is what held me back during this time. It's been hard to

stay focused on what I set out to do. And this is the very thing I begged God to give me. Time. Time to do it, to say it, to figure out what "it" even was. I hope that when all is said and done, and I face my Maker, that I am told that I did it well.

People holding me down, people distracting me intentionally. People following me, yet never supporting me. The stones that have been thrown at me. The stones that have come from those I once trusted. The people who have tried to deceive me, doubt me, ridicule me. All of these things I should have endured with a smile. What else did I expect? Instead, I gave in. I internalized the ick, and spewed it back out, for all to hear. For that I apologize.

I move away from this time with a clean heart. I harbor no ill feelings or unforgiveness toward anyone. I do feel the hurt when I allow myself to think on it, but that's pointless. I celebrate the fact that I accomplished the most important work of my life. To you, it might not be much. You just may see me as another random blogger. But to me, I know, I have climbed an impossible mountain. I have won an invisible race.

I'm hurting inside, knowing that physically I'm going downhill. Chances are very good that walking may be a problem in the near future. I'm 40 now. I'm no longer a beautiful woman in the ways I once claimed. But I now have a new beauty, something I never had before. A soft heart, and the ability to feel my feelings. A gentleness that I've never known. I feel pure inside, for the first time in my life. I'm broken. Tears stream down my cheeks daily. But I laugh just as much.

Yesterday I heard in my spirit, "radar refresh!" I was like, what? And then I understood, it's time to clear my "radar". I wonder if it's just for my own peace of mind, or if it needs to be cleared so more can come. Yikes. I don't know. God knows I'm weary. I feel like I just need to be on the receiving end of things now. Like, just listen. And be. It's hard work for me, to rest. But I have to learn how,

before I get to heaven. I don't want my wheels to still be spinning when I'm there. I can see it now. I get there, and God has new things for me to learn and do, but I'm up there looking for an internet connection so I can create and post more things. It's over. It has to be!

I've had more car dreams. Last month, my "car" was a gold Chevelle, or Nova. It was nice, but some lady came over to me and told me it was time to park it in the shade, to take care of it. I woke up from that one and understood. Then, a few days ago, there was no car at all! I was simply moving forward, with one wheel. It was the right front tire. I was sitting down, and rolling the tire, and that made me go. Not unlike a wheelchair. (shuddering)

I had a bowl of marshmallows for dinner. I did. I can't tell you why. I have no idea. It's simply what I wanted.

I'm going to sleep now. I probably won't have anything remotely interesting to say for a while.

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I had bloodwork done today. Spent Wednesday in the ER with a swollen head again, they did a CT scan and said my brain was not going to burst, as I had informed them. They drugged me with pain medication and called in one of the neuros. Not my neuro, who I see in 2 weeks. But another one. Who told me, the brain infection I had usually results in a "stripping of the neurons" throughout your nervous system, over time. That sounds about right. I feel like my nerves are disintegrating but the rest of me is normal. A real tug of war. It would be easier if the rest of me fell apart too. Today when I stood at the sink to take some headache pills, my legs started shaking and my back got stiff. I shake and cry when that kind of thing happens. It scares me every time. I'm still

not used to it. I'm walking like a drunk. I'm stuttering sometimes. Today, I started to put on my bra, OVER my shirt! Sorry! But you should be comfortable with me by now. If you're not, you need to go back to the very beginning and start over. I don't have time for this.

That's all I have to complain about. On to other, more important, news. I've been glued to the news round the clock lately. I can only take in one or two stories at a time on Haiti, they make me cry, and the more I cry the more pressure in my head, which means another headache. Oh! I forgot to say, they tried to slap another spinal tap on me in the ER, and I started crying, and told them no, I'm still numb from the first one. I fear that so much. There was a woman being treated in a room down the hall, she was wailing and hollering, screaming, "HELP ME! HELP ME! IT HURTS!" over and over again, crying. I closed my eyes and imagined what they might be doing to her. Probably a spinal tap. Another man was in for some kind of treatment, I heard the nurse say to him, "now bear down like you're having a bowel movement!" I was embarrassed for him. Everyone could hear. Then she said it again. And again. Apparently he wasn't cooperating. I heard her say, it was going into his neck. I have no idea what she was trying to do, but it must have been bad, because after a few minutes of her coaxing him, (I couldn't see them), she said, "call security, deal with him, he's refusing treatment." I suppose they were going to escort him out? Surely they weren't calling a cop to hold him down! Who knows. That place gives me the shivers. I kept my head in my hands and my eyes closed most of the time.